

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

*Ophel.* You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.

*Ophel.* Still better and worse.

*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking raven doth bel- low for revenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing, Considerate season, else no creature seeing, Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected, With *Hecats* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy naturall magicke, and dire property, On wholsome life usurps immediately.

*Ham.* A poisons him i'th garden for his estate, his name's *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagoes* wife.

*Ophel.* The King rises.

*Quee.* How fares my Lord?

*Pol.* Give ore the play.

*King.* Give me some light, away.

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham & Horatio.*

*Ham.* Why let the stricken Deere goe weep, The Hart ungalled play, For some must watch whilest some must sleep, Thus runs the world away. Would not this fir, and a Forrest of fea- thers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of plaiers?

*Hora.* Halfe a share.

*Ham.* A whole one I.

For thou dost know O *Damon* deare This realme dismantled was Of *Jove* himselfe, and now raignes here A very very paiocke.

*Hora.* You might have rim'd.

*Ham.* O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hora.* Very well my Lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talke of the poisoning.

*Hora.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* Ah ha, come some musicke, come the Recorders, For if the King likes not the Comedy, Why then belike he likes it not perdie. Come, some musicke.

*Enter Rosencrans and Gylidensterne.*

*Gyl.* Good my Lord vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir a whole Historie.

*Gyl.* The King sir.

*Ham.* I sir, what of him?

*Gyl.* Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

*Ham.* With drinke sir?

*Gyl.* No my Lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer to sig- nifie this to the Doctor; for for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

*Gyl.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, And stare not so wildly upon my affaire.

*Ham.* I am tame sir, pronounce.

*Gyl.* The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spi- rit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Gyl.* Nay good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make mee a wholsome answer, I will doe your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my re- turne shall be the end of the businesse.

*Ham.* Sir I cannot.

*Ros.* What my Lord?

*Ha.* Make you a wholsome answer, my wir's diseas'd, but sir, such answer as I can make you shall command, or rather as you say, my mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

*Ros.* Then thus she saies, your behaviour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderfull sonne that can so astonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heels of this mothers admiration? impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother; have you any further trade with us?

*Ros.* My Lord you once did love me.

*H*

*Ham.*